ous Perwig-pated fellow, tere a paſſion to totters, to verie rags, to ſpleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the moſt part are capable of nothing but in explicable dumbe ſhewes, and noiſe: I would haue ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out *Herods*, *Herod*, pray you auoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own diſcretion be your tutor, ſuite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance, that you ore-ſtep not the modeſtie of Nature: For any thing ſo ore-done, is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at firſt, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to Nature, to ſhew vertue her feature; ſcorn her own Image, and the very age and bodie of the time his forme and preſſure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue ſeen play, and heard others praiſd, and that highly, not to ſpeake it profanely, that neither hauing th' accent of *Chriſtians*, nor the gate of *Chriſtian*, *Pagan*, nor man, haue ſo ſtrutted & bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iournymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thoſe that play your Clownes ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barraine Spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſarie queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull ambition in the Foole that vſes it: go make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldenſterne, and Roſencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently,

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. Will you two help to haſten them.

Roſ. I my Lord. *Exeunt thoſe two.*

Ham. What how, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your ſeruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iuſt a man
As ere my converſation copt withall.

Hora.

Hora. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter.
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenue haſt but thy good ſpirits
To feed and cloath thee, why ſhould the poore be flattred?
No let the candied tongue lick abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning, doſt thou heare,
Since my deare ſoule was Miſtris of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election
Shath ſeald thee for her ſelfe, for thou haſt bin
As one in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haſt tane with equall thanks; and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe blood and iudgement are ſo well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: giue me that man
That is not paſſions ſlaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the circumſtance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that Act a foot,
Euen with the very comment of thy ſoule
Obſerue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it ſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we haue ſeene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* ſtithy; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eies will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a ſteale ought the whilſt this Play is playing
And ſcape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the Play. I muſt be idle,

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